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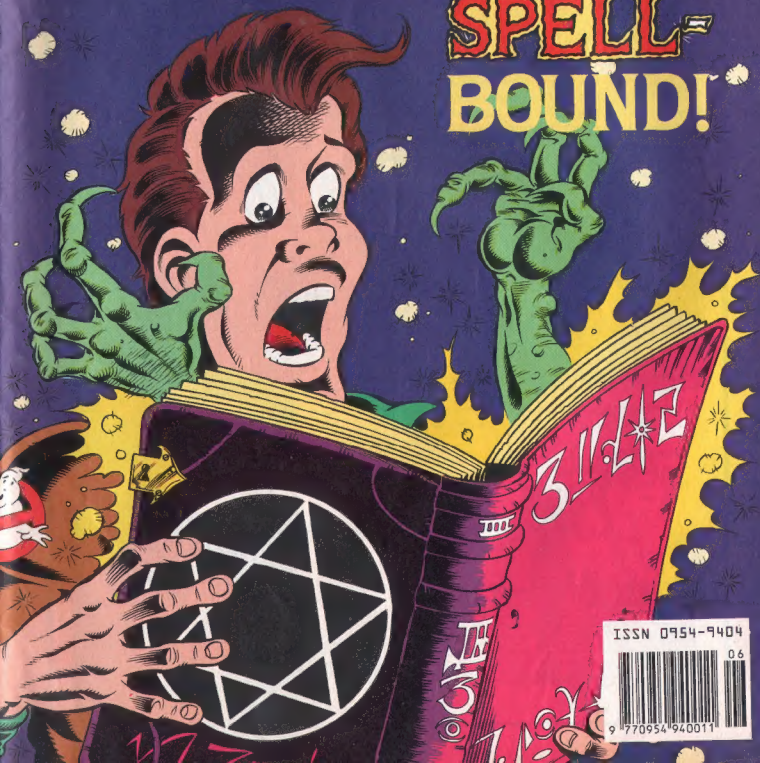
THE REAL

№87 45p

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GH0STBUSTERS™

SPELL- BOUND!



ISSN 0954-9404



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Welcome to issue eighty-seven of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** Now, you know what they say, 'Nothing is greater than the power of The Word'. This would seem to be the case, too, because there's some mighty strange goings-on in **Winston's Diary** and the strangeness is centred upon manifestations of a literary kind. Yes, there can be more frightening things than bookworms! It just goes to show what can happen when you let your imagination run riot. Anyway, there is also havoc of another kind when the fabulous four have a series of weird phone calls in **Phoney Phantom!** Is someone or something pulling their collective legs? Well, that would be telling, wouldn't it? So you'll just have to read it and find out, otherwise you'll find yourself in the **Real Ghostbusters'** little Black Book!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE



JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

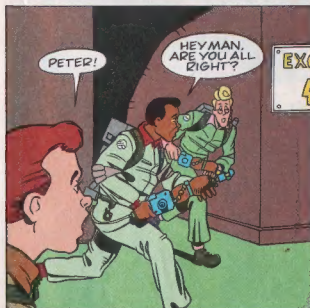
PHONEY PHANTOM!

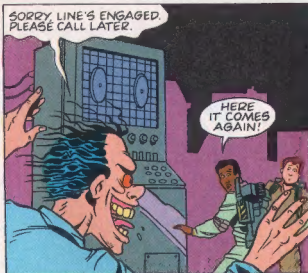






SOON...





MEET THE...



**PACKED WITH FUN AND
ADVENTURE EVERY FORTNIGHT!**

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

The *supernatural* in all its myriad forms has fascinated writers since time immemorial. Many great writers have based their life's work, indeed their very reputation, on books that use as part of the fundamental plot the spirits of the other world. Take these examples and you'll see what I mean:

Cyril Bonnair (1589-1631): Bonnair was a popular dramatist of the Jacobean Court, and a fine proponent of the so-called 'Revenge' or damnation play. His most immortal success was the five act tragedy *Fie Milord and Die or The Devil's Dandruff* a fearsomely violent play of Courtly intrigue, whose world-famous plot involves three Pit Fiends, a silver locket, two bottles of syrup, an artichoke half and nine deaf men in a canoe. In the latter part of his career, Bonnair wrote the sadly under-performed comedy *Night comes like a sack of Spanners* which involves the disguising of an orang-outang and mistaken identity of nine pairs of identical twins. There were ghosts galore in this one, all of whom hop about the stage. Bonnair was never richly rewarded for his endeavour. Though today he is regarded as one of the most complicated and impenetrable of Jacobean dramatists, he was at the time locked up for being a pretentious idiot with plots



PART 87

more convoluted than a piece of string left in a cat basket.

Lord Venisson (1831-1906): Edward, Lord Venisson was a poet pre-eminent amongst the so-called Pre-Raffia Brotherhood. He was also a post-impressionist, as it is said that his impression of the gatepost at Funtly Lodge, Tremblyshire was one of the most rivetting silent, motionless impersonations ever. Lord Venisson was fascinated by the after-life, and wrote many poems that explored the strange netherworld of the Super-cosmos, often making reference to the souls of the dead. His most famous works are *In Memorial*, an elegy written on the death and subsequent re-incarnation of his dog,

GUIDE

Roger, and also *Crossing the Bar*, in which he recounts his experience one night where he believed he had penetrated the veil between this world and the next. Later, he woke up and found that not only had he fallen off his stool, but that the public house was shut anyway. In his last years, Lord Venisson retired to Funtly Lodge and lived out his last days in relative obscurity; that is to say he couldn't remember the names of any relatives who came to visit him.

Richard Prince (1946-): One of the most celebrated of all living writers in the genre of horror and Supernatural fiction, Prince's best sellers include *The Sit, Suture, The Glowing, The Natterjackers, Deptford's Lot* and the unforgettable *Purgatory*. Many of his books have been made into films, but the most successful adaptation was probably the film of *The Glowing*, starring Nick Jackelson as a writer, who left in charge of a huge, empty hotel for the winter during a blizzard, runs everything pretty well and has the place ship-shape in time for the spring, much to the surprise of the owner who had 'call the coroner' and 'get the axes sharpened' pretty high on his list of things to do in February. Not actually any ghost at all, but the paragraph on polishing lino is a classic.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art ANDY LANNING and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE

Monday, February 5th, 1990

Fate had dealt a cruel blow to Hatton, Idaho. Peter and I got an inkling that something was wrong as we drove into town from the interstate. Though spring had settled its pastel tones across the Idaho landscape, a ghastly pall of inky storm cloud hung above the town like a harbinger of doom. Peter commented on this from the passenger seat of Ecto-1, raising the sunshades from his eyes.

"Funny, that," he said. "Though spring's pastel tones seem pretty much, as you might say, *settled* across this section of the Idaho landscape, there's a certain . . . nasty feeling up yonder."

"You mean the ghastly pall of inky storm cloud?" I asked from the driving seat.

"The one settled above the town like a harbinger of doom?" asked Peter back.

"Dead right." There was an uneasy pause, and I felt a chill of utter fear penetrate my very soul.

Peter coughed uneasily.

"A chill of utter fear penetrate your very soul too?" I asked nervously. He nodded. I pulled the car into a lay-by. We sat there for a moment or two, the engine idling.

"Why are we talking like this?" asked Peter at last. "Do you think something up ahead is affecting us. Has fate dealt a cruel blow to Hatton, Idaho?"

"Shut up." I advised him, and drove on.

Hatton was a quiet place, the sort they used to call a one-horse town, though as far as I could see there was room enough for a couple of dozen horses easily. We pulled up in the dust of the main square, outside the hardware store, as raindrops the size of dollar coins started dropping from the inky black above and exploding on the dry earth at our feet.

"You got your Hatton guide?" I asked Peter.

"Yeah," he replied, "and stop calling me *guide*."

We consulted the map. "Let's try the

Sheriff's office," I remarked.

"Sure," said Peter. "Whoever put in the call must have phoned from somewhere around here. But be careful - danger could lurk round any corner, unsuspecting, waiting to pounce and claim us for its own."

"You're sounding like a cheap novel again," I warned him.

The office was open, but empty. A half-eaten Danish and a cup of steaming coffee sat on the desk by the latest FBI most wanted bulletin. An eerie silence pervaded everything.

"Hear that eerie silence?" Peter asked.

"Check," I replied. "Feels like some one's writing this really badly, doesn't it?"

"Wise up," snapped Peter, "This is real life, not some two-bit dime novel."

We looked at each other for a long, wondering moment. I was about to ask him what it was that made him want to talk like Mike Hammer when the old timer ran in. Check shirt, dungarees, an old vest and a forage cap, the old man was just the sort of guy you'd expect to turn up in a horror movie and say "There's bad things afoot. Bad things. Ungodly things that hold the town in fearful clutches. Bad things that throttle the lifeblood of Hatton, Idaho!"

He looked us up and down and said "There's bad things afoot. Bad things."

"Ungodly things? Fearful clutches? Throttling lifeblood? That sort of stuff?" asked Peter. The old man nodded. "You read here before then, young fellow?" he asked.

"Maybe," said Peter. "I'm not sure. Maybe we could skip on a few chapters and see."

"Sure," said the old timer. The sky brightened, and it looked like a whole different day outside. The old timer's shirt changed from red check to blue check.

"I'm having a lot of trouble keeping sane through all this," I warned Peter.

"It all started," the old-timer began his face changing from young to old then

back again. Outside, day and night came and went seven times. "It all started when that writer fellow moved into Hatton: His nae's Richard Prince, and by all accounts, he's a writer of those nasty horror books. He came here to write his new book and that's when things started getting strange. Happenings like they were right out of the pages of his novels. We townsfolk are all afeared that it'll turn into a most dreadful climax with lots of horrible monsters roaming the streets."

"What sorts of horrible monsters?" asked Peter, rather foolishly.

The 'old-timer' exploded upwards and outwards, levelling the sheriff's office around us, mutating before our very eyes into a massive slaving beast that looked like a zombie/golem/were-hippo cock-tail.



A huge taloned paw lashed out at us, but we ducked back, vaulted the sheriff's desk and scarpered out into the parking lot behind. The thing lumbered after us, dribbling slime from its massive gaping maw, which seemed unnecessarily well-equipped with big, sharp pointy teeth. It made a low, modulated howling sound and splintered through the ruins as if it

were made of paper.

Halfway across the lot, we turned to stand our ground, Proton Packs whining as they charged-up. Golly, but the thing was big and ugly. We opened fire. I guess in the confusion, either Peter or I mis-aimed, and the streams touched and crossed.

When we picked ourselves up, the town of Hatton was gone. We were lying in empty desert, Ecto-1 parked not too far away. By us, on the dirt, was a middle-aged man dressed in a tank-top and specs, who was slowly sitting up in bewilderment.

"Who are you?" asked Peter, warily.

"I'm Richard Prince, the novelist," he replied. "What am I doing here?"

"You tell us," I said, helping him to his feet.

"All I remember," he began, "was being in the middle of my latest book. The plot was turning out to be a real nightmare – small town taken over by demon fury. It was awful, so clichéd, but I still pressed on with it. I was writing like a man possessed."

"No kidding," mused Peter.

"I was going mad, I wanted to stop writing about these awful little 'old-timers' and their folksy ways, but I couldn't!"

"I think you let your imagination carry you away," I remarked.

"Now it's all gone, and here I am. So what happened to my book, the book that was the curse of my life?"

"Don't worry," said Peter, "It had a lousy ending."

Prince looked at him sadly. "Everyone's a critic," he said.

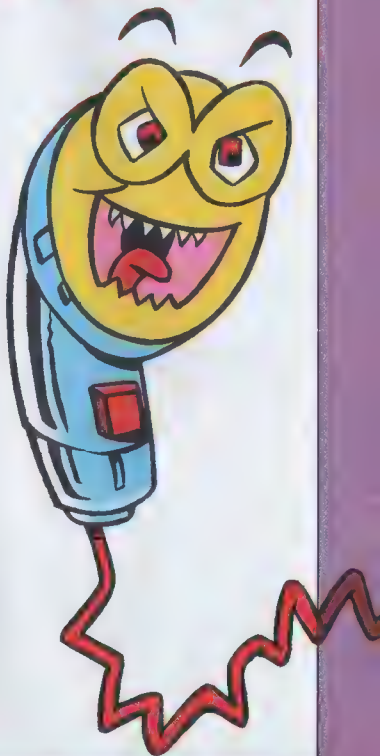


HELL RAZOR

This evil monster was the best excuse ever for deciding to grow a beard! Yep! A demon de-fuzzer!

Now you may be thinking that this ghost has a particularly nasty and malicious glint in its twin-bladed eyeballs and that it would seem to be the kind of spook which is hell-bent on revenge. Well, if you were thinking that, you'd be right, because this is exactly what was in its evil, twisted mind.

The ghost was, in fact, the spirit remains of one Hector Spalding, the American businessman who bought the company which made electric razors. Now, with the recent advent of designer stubble, our man Hector found that the demand for razors was at an all-time low and thus the company went bust. Then, having died a broken man, Hector decided to have his revenge from the next world. That Peter managed to pull the plug on him after a close shave almost goes without saying.



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



his tale of terror was imparted by a young man from Key West, in Florida, where the Caribbean submarine base of the United States navy had been for many years. A young officer who was stationed there was on leave with his friends in Miami for a weekend. At the end of the weekend as he was about to leave, his hostess asked him if he would kindly post a letter for her. He agreed and placed the letter in his pocket, left for the submarine base and forgot all about it.

Sometime later, the household in which he had stayed were shocked, and stunned, to hear that his submarine had met with an accident and was lost with all hands.

The day after the tragedy occurred, the woman who should have received the letter, who lived in

Clearwater on the far western side of the state of Florida, heard her doorbell ring. When she answered the door, to her astonishment, she saw a young man in a khaki summer naval officer's uniform standing on her doorstep... and he was *dripping wet*! He handed her a letter, that was also soaking wet, then nodded his head without uttering a single word, and walked away.

There was no stamp or franking mark on the envelope, but luckily since the address was written in ballpoint pen it was still legible. The puzzling thing was that it was a brilliantly sunny day with no sign of rain, so there was no apparent reason why the young man should be so wet!

She answered the letter straight away, and went into some detail about the strange circumstances surrounding the arrival of the letter. Two days later,

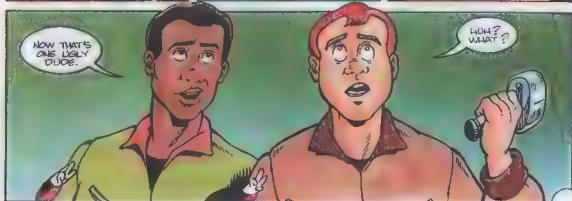
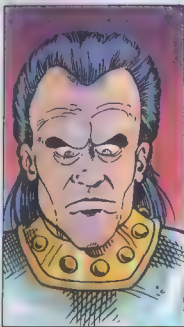
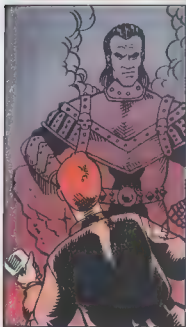
she received a long distance telephone call from her friend in Miami. Her friend was quite concerned and asked lots of questions about the time of day, the weather conditions and particularly about the description of the young man. Unfortunately, the woman from Clearwater did not recognise naval officer's insignia, so she was unable to remember the emblems on his collar.

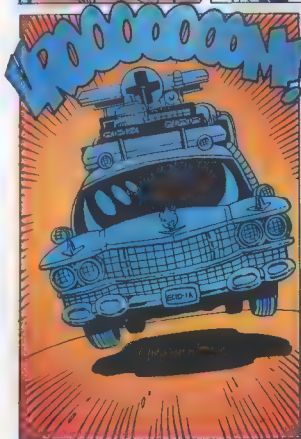
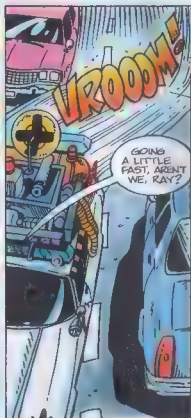
She could remember though, that he was hatless, and gave an accurate description of his face. There was no question about it... It was the young officer who had promised to post the letter. The young officer was a man who prided himself on his personal honour, and had always made a point of keeping promises that he had made!

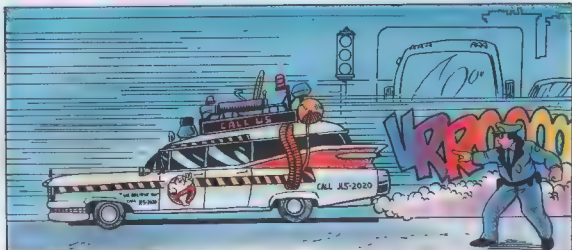


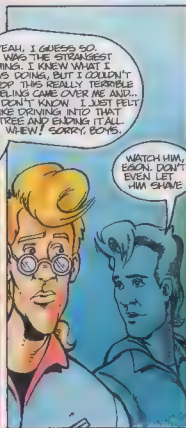
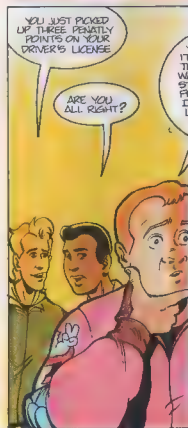
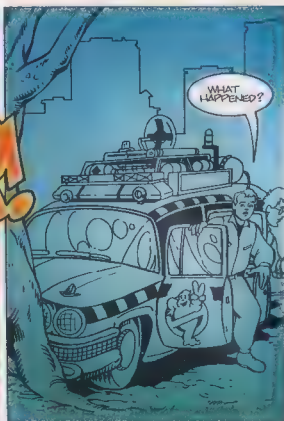
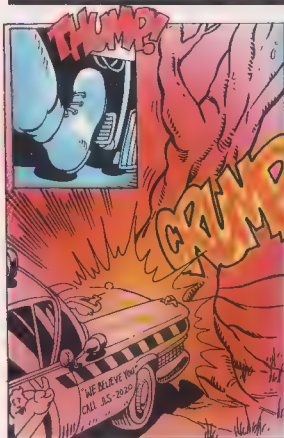
GHSTBUSTERS II

PART TEN





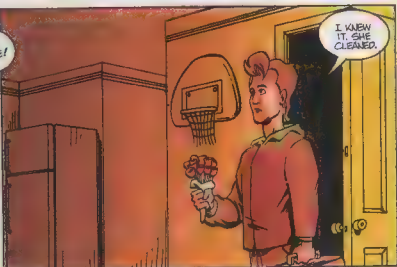




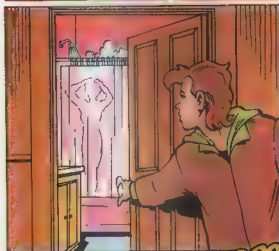
AT PETER'S LOST APARTMENT



I'M HOME!

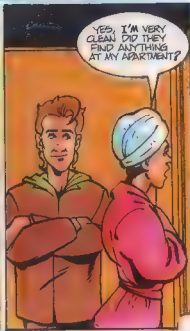


I KNEW IT. SHE CLEANED.



SLAM!

ARE YOU ALL SQUEAKY CLEAN NOW?



YES, I'M VERY CLEAN. DID THEY FIND ANYTHING AT MY APARTMENT?

MORE FUN NEXT WEEK!

SLIMER!

IT HAS MORE SLIME PER SQUARE INCH
THAN ANY OTHER COMIC-
AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?



ON SALE EVERY MONTH
From **Marvel**[®]

GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Come on, readers. Write to uncle Peter and I'll see if I can fit you into this here column. I can't say fairer than that!

Dear Peter...

I am a ghost from England, who happens to live in your sock draw. You may have seen me, I'm the odd white sock on the left. Would you do me a favour? Could you possibly get me out of this sock? I can't remember how to change back. Failing that, tell the blue sock at the bottom that I think he is cute. Will you do that for me?

— Billie Jean, The Sock Draw, Colchester

Look, Billie, I may be cute, naive and faintly gullible, but I am not stupid! If you are a ghost from England, with a letter post-marked 'Colchester, Essex', then you do not live in my sock draw in New York. If your letter has an ounce of truth in it, then I'm a green wallaby!

I have some questions to ask you, the first one is for Egon.

1. Where can I get a copy of 'Tobin's Spirit Guide' and how much will it cost me?
2. Will there be an ECTO-3 and if so, what will be be?
3. Does Janine have a car?
4. Do you bust ghosts on Christmas Day?

— Aaron Aldridge, Weedon

1. Egon says that Tobin's Spirit Guide is not in print and therefore unavailable, even from good bookshops. 2. This is something that only time can tell. We've had many suggestions from helpful (if a trifle over-romantic) readers. These include a converted tank, a converted fighter plane, a converted space ship, a converted amphibious landing-craft, a converted bath tub and a converted shopping trolley. Take your pick. 3. Janine does have a car, yes. It's one of those little zip around town ones. 4. Well, you know how it is. Even heroes have to work. If something nasty rears it's ugly head (like Slimer coming out of the fridge) then we have to do our duty.

I think your comic is brill and I am the biggest Ghostbusters fan in the whole of the U.K. I have some questions for you:

1. Why don't you build Proton Guns into ECTO-1?
2. What do you do over Christmas?
3. Why don't you build ECTO-3 from part ECTO-1 and part ECTO-2, because one and two make three?

4. Not including Slimer, do you have any pets in your HQ?
 5. Do you get a chance to go to the movies?
 6. Why doesn't Egon make Slimer a Proton Pack?
- David Philips, Southampton

Thanks for the letter, Dave. What a lot of questions!

1. ECTO-1 isn't really a suitable vehicle for having Proton Gun attachments. I'm sure the reasons why are fairly obvious. 2. Much the same as everybody else, with one exception. We eat, drink and are usually very merry. The exception is that we usually get covered in slime. I shouldn't think many people have that to contend with on their Christmas Days! 3. Nice idea, good mathematics, but totally impractical. 4. Nope. 5. Yep. 6. Slimer has been useful in a crisis, but as a ghost himself, he may find being a full-time Ghostbuster a bit odious. Or is that odorous?

I have some questions for you:

1. Is Slimer ever full?
2. Is there any haunted house too scary for The Real Ghostbusters?
3. Why is Slimer called Slimer when he is made of Ectoplasm?

— Jack Newman, McNamara

1. Slimer is only ever full of slime. 2. Of course not, what do you take us for? Yellow-bellied cowards? 3. Well, basically it's the slime that does it. I've never encountered a better reason for calling someone Slimer!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



A silly ghost went for a job as a handy ghost. They said, "Can you paint?" he said, "No." They said, "Are you a plumber then?" "No." "Electrician?" "No." "Why do you want a job as a handy ghost then?" The ghost said, "I only haunt across the road!"
— Paul Kendrick, Harwich

What do ghosts like to watch on television most of all?
'Only ghouls and horses!'
— Grant Pozzana, Yorkshire

What happened to the peanut when he was walking down the street?

He got a-salted!
— Martin Lynch, Belfast

Who gets the sack as soon as he starts work?

The Postman!
— Anon, South Devon

What was the demon's favourite film?

'Licence to Ghoul!'
— Ian Upton, Hornchurch



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To my newsagent:
Please reserve me a copy of Marvel's **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic every week. Reserve it for collection*/ Deliver it with our regular paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

.....

in Rose

HIS NUMBER'S UP!

$3+5\div\pi 2y4$ $8x\approx 9y$ θ
 $\$7xcq$ $7+:\times 4p7=6$
 $\frac{mc}{7}$ $m\theta \alpha$
 $8:2$ $15z$
 $C=2R$ $151(a^2)$

IN JUST 7 DAYS

SLIMER

BUMMEY! ITS...

CHUCK THE DEMON IS VISITING SLIMER... HIYA, SLIMER, YOU GREEN GROSS OUT!

YOU BIG FAT SLIMY SLOBBER BRAIN!!

YOU UGLY GREAT FLOP TOP!!

Nerd!!

TWIT! NIT! UGLY MUG!

BUG BRAIN! BRAIN DRAIN! YO-YO!!

Yee hee hee! SLIMER'S STUFFED HIS FACE SO FULL HE CAN'T ANSWER BACK!

Skip! Skip! Skip!

Muffin Suffin! GRRRR!

WOO! WOOF! WOOF!

BAMBOSI